



SVININE
—
GENERAL
MOREAU

BALTIMORE
1814





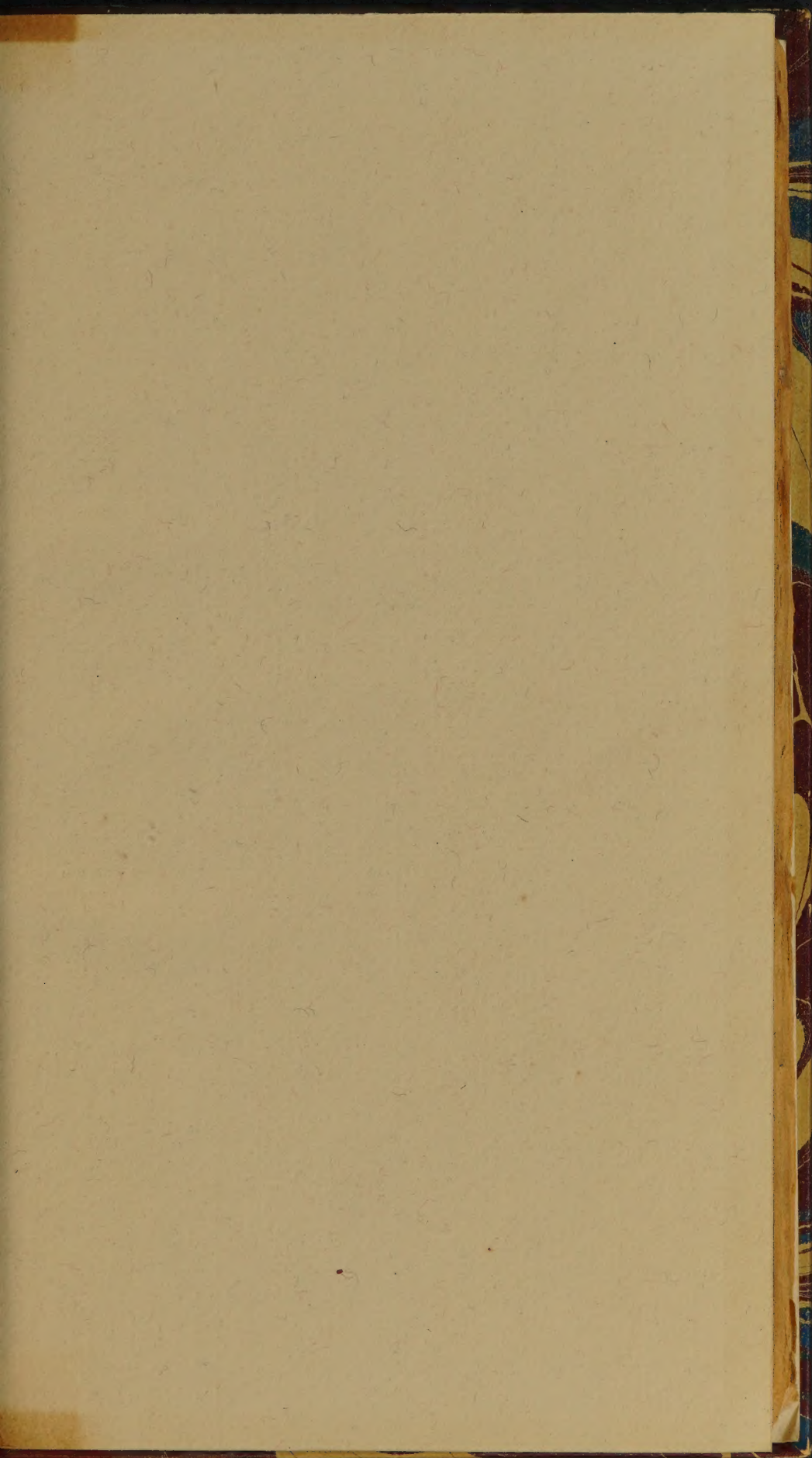


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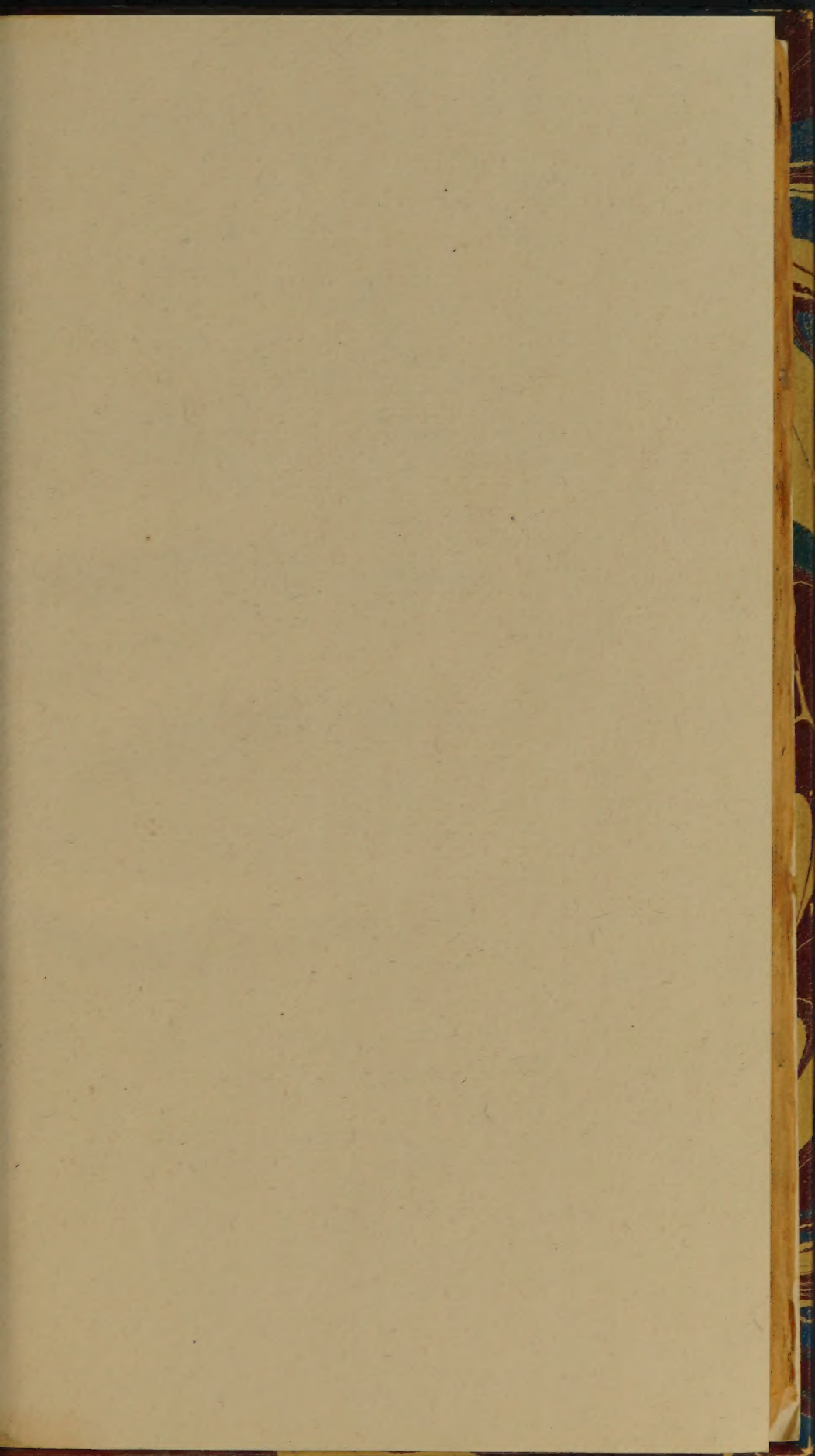
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SOME
DETAILS

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CONCERNING

1812
GENERAL MOREAU,

AND

HIS LAST MOMENTS.

FOLLOWED BY

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY PAUL SVININE,
Charged to accompany the General on the Continent.

Baltimore:

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1814.



TO
MADAME MOREAU.

MADAM,

I HAVE ventured on a Sketch of the last Epoch of your illustrious Husband's Life ; I feel how much I have been unequal to the Task I had imposed on myself ; but if I have succeeded in expressing the admiration I ever experienced for his simple and modest virtues, and the Regrets inspired by his Loss, to every noble and generous Heart ; if I have collected a few Outlines which will not be disdained by

those to whom one Day will belong the Care of painting this great Character ; I dare believe, that you will not accuse me of Presumption, and that you will judge with Indulgence, of a Recital, in which I have solely consulted Truth, and my own profound Respect for the Memory of General Moreau.

Be pleased to accept, MADAM, the Assurance of the profound Respect, with which I have the Honour to be,

Your very humble,

And very obedient Servant,

P. S.

London, 1st November, 1813.

SOME DETAILS
CONCERNING
GENERAL MOREAU,
&c. &c. &c.

THE great military talents of General Moreau were known to all Europe ; but much less known were his frank and loyal character—his mild and affable manners : his private virtues were such, as to induce those who intimately

observed him, to believe that he had confined himself to the practice of domestic duties. On beholding him, every one was surprised that so much simplicity could be compatible with so much glory. It is in this point of view that I undertake to exhibit this great man ; as well as through the different circumstances attending his return to Europe, until the fatal moment which terminated so fair a life. Who, alas ! could have supposed, when I was tracing the features of goodness, generosity, and candour, which rendered him so dear to me, and collecting the facts which prove with what enthusiasm he was welcomed in Ger-

many, that I should have to fulfil the mournful duty of doing justice to his memory !

It was in America that I first knew general Moreau ; and I have subsequently had frequent opportunities of seeing him in the detail of his private life, constantly worthy of his great name, and ever meriting the affection of his neighbours, who distinguished him solely by the title of *our good Moreau*.

On his arrival on the transatlantic continent, General Moreau, his family having been obliged to prolong their stay in Europe, chose to take a journey of observation through

a country so abundant in new and extraordinary aspects to the eye of a stranger. After visiting the Falls of Niagara, he descended the Ohio and the Mississippi, returning afterwards by land to the spot from whence he set out. During this journey he acquired a perfect knowledge of that part of America through which he passed ; which is a proof of the habitual accomplishment he possessed, as a military man, of ascertaining, at a glance, the situations which render a country remarkable.

On his return from this journey he purchased a handsome country-house at Morrisville, below the Falls of the

Delaware. It was there that he in part found the happiness of which his cruel rival had sought to deprive him; it was there that, surrounded by a charming family and stedfast friends, he seemed so much to lose sight of the injustice whose victim he had been, that he was never heard to mention it, and rarely to name him who was the author of it.

In all that Moreau said or did, it was evident that he himself wished to forget what he had been, and was also desirous that others should forget it; but though in the first moment his perfectly artless manners and his unassuming tone, rendered

it difficult to recognize in him, the great man, yet the contrast of that simplicity with his great renown and his lofty deeds, soon filled the mind with admiration, and there was no one who must not with enthusiasm contemplate the hero in the meek attire of his virtues and of his domestic habitudes.

His fortune, though extremely lessened by the persecutions directed against him, and by the obligation which had been imposed upon him of paying the enormous costs of the law-proceedings in which he had been basely implicated, afforded him the means of gratifying his inclina-

tion toward hospitality and the relief of the unfortunate. His was an open-house to his numerous friends; it breathed an inexpressible charm, compounded of all that interest which must ever be caused by the sight of a hero, proscribed, yet superior to misfortune; and of the admiration which could not be withheld from his young and beautiful consort, who embellished his retreat with talents and qualities which had shone in the circles of one of the first capitals in the universe.

The situation of his estate afforded him the free gratification of his taste for fishing and hunting. There could

not be any thing more touching than to see him bring home alone in a boat the fruits of these amusements, and revisit the bosom of his family, ever most happy in his return.

In the month of December he resumed his residence in New-York. At that residence he saw persons of all opinions and of all parties; but his prudent reserve restrained each within proper bounds. The voices of faction were silent before him; and he seemed to impart to all about him that spirit of conciliation and impartiality which characterized the whole of his conduct. It was with regret if he ever engaged in poli-

tics ; indeed it might have been said, that having found more happiness in the new world than he could reasonably expect from it, he felt repugnance in occupying himself with any crisis which was then agitating or about to agitate the old world. Yet the American politicians consulted him as their oracle, and perceived with astonishment that almost all his conjectures were in the sequel verified.

Great, however, as might be the aversion he seemed to entertain from whatever reminded him of days marked with troubles and misfortune, he could not avert his thoughts and

his regards from his country and the love he bore her, as well as the hope of being one day recalled to contribute toward the re-establishment of her repose and glory, urged him constantly to reject the brilliant offers which were made him, in order that he might devote his services to other countries. But the disasters which the French armies had undergone in Russia, so afflicted his heart on account of the warm attachment he bore toward France, and irritated him so strongly against the man in whom they originated, and who in that enterprise, equally barbarous and senseless, had sacrificed the flower

of the French warriors, that he thought he could no longer refuse the aid of his talents toward the success of the common cause, and toward the general deliverance. He often said to me, in bitter sorrow, “ that
“ man heaps shame and opprobri-
“ um on the French name. He
“ lays up in store for my unhap-
“ py country the hatred and curses
“ of the universe. The French will
“ soon be worse treated even than
“ the Jews; more persecuted than that
“ very nation, proscribed as it is by
“ the contempt and the anathemas
“ of every other people.”

Having lost the hope of seeing his country saved by some vigorous burst on the part of his countrymen in the interior of France, he thought it his duty to contribute to her salvation by uniting himself to a power to which no ambitious views with respect to France could be imputed, and which had taken up arms, only to repel the unjust aggression of which the latter had been the instrument. He consequently acceded to the wishes of his Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias ; but placing implicit trust in him, whose generous and magnanimous heart he was satisfied that he knew,

he refused all the offers made to him by his Imperial Majesty's Minister to the United States, and would not make any preliminary stipulations; there being no bounds to his confidence in the Prince who invited him, and his motives being totally different from those which actuate military men under other circumstances, to enter into the service of a foreign power.

Perceiving that the field of action was about to open on the Continent, he felt how indispensable it was that he should be present on the theatre of military operations before the month of June, and I have several times

heard him express an impatient anxiety to arrive soon enough for his counsels to be of some use. But at the same time his heart was agitated by cruel struggles, divided as he was between his duty to his country, and the love he bore to his consort and child, who had both been in France ten months for the sake of their health. He shuddered to leave those two cherished beings under what he called the claws of the tyrant, not being certain whether his consort had received the letters in which he informed her of his departure. But it seems that notwithstanding the great distance by which they were separa-

ted, these great souls had understood each other, for in the month of May, General Moreau received from his lady a communication, the secret of which he alone was able to recognize, and of which none but she could have conceived the allegory ; by this he saw that she supposed he must go, and that she had taken her measures accordingly.

At length he determined to set out in the beginning of June. The Russian minister immediately demanded from Admiral Cockburn a licence for an American vessel going to Europe with a messenger ; the Admiral, to whom the secret of this

voyage had been confided, readily afforded every necessary facility to it. All our anxiety was afterwards engrossed by the means of concealing our projected departure from the knowledge of Napoleon's Minister, who would not have failed either to despatch a French privateer to capture us, or to employ the whole power of his intrigues in order to detain us. Our determination to wait the departure of the Minister of the United States, who was going to France in the Argus, occasioned our own departure to be delayed some days.

At length on the 21st day of June, I embarked with General Moreau at

Hell Gate, on board the ship Hannibal, 550 tons burthen, and one of the best sailers in the American marine.

We soon lost sight of the American coast, and a favourable wind brought us on the 1st of July to the Bank of Newfoundland, where we remained ten hours to fish for cod, a diversion which afforded some relief to the mind of General Moreau. From thence until we arrived off Gottenburgh we did not see a single sail, having the wind constantly favourable, and being surrounded by fogs which seemed to protect us against the French and American

privateers, from whom we had every thing to fear. I caused General Moreau to notice this, by telling him we were evidently under the Ægis of Providence.

On the 22d of July we made the coast of Norway, and were hailed by an English frigate. It was the Hermodry, Captain Chatham. - He, learning from me that General Moreau was on board, leapt into his boat to come and offer us all the services in his power. It was by him that General Moreau was informed of the arrival of his consort in England, which entirely dispelled the cloud which

had from time to time hung over his brow during the passage.

On the 24th of July we entered the port of Gottenburg. During the whole voyage the General had enjoyed the most perfect health; and reading was his favourite occupation. I shall never forget this happy epoch of my life. I gave myself up entirely to the pleasures of hearing him discourse on a great diversity of subjects. His manner of expressing himself, though pure and often elegant, was quite his own; it partook of the frankness of a warrior, and the politeness of a man of the world. He laid open his thoughts with clearness and

ease ; so much had he read and observed, that he imparted the greatest variety and unabating interest to our conversation. The only topics on which it was difficult to lead him to speak, were the facts which constituted his military glory, and the persecutions he had suffered on the part of his enemies. He could not pardon Bonaparte for the evils which this man had caused France to suffer ; but he forgave him all those with which he had afflicted him. His angelic soul was a stranger to hatred, and his heart rejected every idea of private revenge. The only matters I could gather from him as to

his imprisonment, related to the refusals and the honest pride with which he incessantly opposed the insinuations of Napoleon's agents, whose endeavours were to induce him to make some advances toward the latter, which might tend to an approximation. When Bonaparte had lost the hope of sacrificing General Moreau, he sent F**** to the Temple to propose to him the conditions on which he would grant him his liberty, and be reconciled to him; but they were dryly rejected by the General, who said he preferred his own lot to that of his persecutor. When he arrived on the frontiers of Spain,

the officer who had accompanied him thither by order of the police, told him mysteriously, that if he had any intention of writing to the Emperor he might do so, and wait an answer on the frontiers, which could not fail to be prompt and favourable. The General answered that he would not write to the person whom the officer called Emperor, nor would he have any intercourse whatever with him. On our passage he often spoke to me with tenderness of General Pichegru, whose great talents and energetic virtues he admired, and whose lamentable end he incessantly deplored. He also delighted to expatiate

on the genius and military talents of our immortal Souvoroff, of whom, however, he judged with impartial severity. He had taken some pains to correct the errors made by the historians of that General, but unfortunately the notes he had made on the subject, as well as many others equally interesting, were lost along with his library, in the fire which consumed his country house in December, 1811.

On the 26th of July, we landed at Gottenburg. The first visit of the General was to the Governor ; he was afterwards disposed to view the town, but the eagerness of the multitude, and

their demonstrations of joy, soon obliged him to give up the walk.

On the same day, he wrote to the Emperor of Russia and to the Prince Royal of Sweden. On the 27th, he paid a visit to Marshal Von Essen. The latter General, expressing, with the frankness and sincerity of an old soldier, the joy he felt at seeing him; said to him, “ You have brought us a
“ reinforcement of 100,000 men ;
“ what pleasure his arrival will afford
“ to our Prince Royal, who is incessantly speaking of his friend, General Moreau. How many times
“ has the Prince repeatedly told me,
“ that Moreau was born a general,—

“ that he had the conception, [the
“ glance, (coup d’œil) the decision of
“ a great captain !”

For more than a year, the report had been spread in Sweden, [that General Moreau would come into that kingdom. This report originated in the following circumstance : when the Prince Royal, accompanied by the Marshal, repaired to Stockholm, he asked the latter, every time that they passed a handsome country-house, “ is that to be sold ?” and on the Marshal’s observing to him, that the King had five superb castles ; his Royal Highness answered, that the only object of these

questions was to find out a handsome habitation for his friend, General Moreau.

During the few days that General Moreau remained at Gottenburg, he busied himself among his country-equipage, that is to say, he caused to be laid aside the greater part of his effects, to be forwarded to Russia, and reserving only some maps, of which he possessed a valuable collection, together with a few changes of linen. Few men were more limited than he was in their personal wants: he could do without every thing that was not strictly necessary; and a servant was, to him, al-

most a superfluity. When I testified to him my great astonishment at seeing him so independent of all which constitutes the indispensable necessities of existence, he answered, "Such should be the life of a
" military man; he must know how
" to bear the want of every thing; ne-
" ver be discouraged by privations;
" it is thus that we made war. The
" General in chief had scarcely a
" single carriage. Our baggage ne-
" ver encumbered our march; and
" on our retreat, we were never ham-
" pered with those numerous equipa-
" ges which occasion the loss of

“ more men to an army than a retreat
“ does.”

He had a way of arranging his packages, which deserves to be mentioned here : he divided his money, his clothes, his linen, and other necessary effects, as equally as possible, and deposited portions in each of them, so that he was almost certain of not being exposed to the privations to which military men, who are less provident, must ever be exposed by the chances of war.

On the first of August we left Gottenburg ; from that moment our journey, as far as Estadt, was, to General Moreau, a triumphal pro-

cession; every one disputed the honour of seeing and having him at his house. We almost constantly found the proprietors of the castles in the neighbourhood of our route, waiting for us, at the relays, to offer their services to the General: he enchanted every body by his manners and his conversation.

At Estadt we found a Swedish brig of war, on board which the General was conducted by the Swedish Admiral General; who paid him the highest honours. The passage lasted forty-eight hours; and on the 6th of August, we anchored in the road of Stralsund. I went

first on shore to announce our arrival to the commandant of the place, who told me that the General was expected, and that an aide-de-camp had a letter to deliver to him from the Prince Royal. He landed at noon, and was saluted with twenty-one guns; the ship's crew being on the masts. He was received at the port by all the Swedish generals and superior officers, who accompanied him to the palace, through the midst of the inhabitants, raising continual huzzas; and by the troops, who paid him military honours. He was at dinner with the commandant when the arrival of the Prince Royal was an-

nounced to him—he flew to meet him; but as soon as the Prince perceived him, he darted from his carriage, rushed into his arms, and lavished on him the warmest expressions of friendship: this truly affecting interview drew tears from all eyes. From that moment, the first question which the Prince Royal put to those who addressed him, was, “have you seen Moreau?”

During the three days that these two great men passed together, they never quitted each other; they employed that interval in concerting the grand plan which is to give repose and happiness to the universe.

On the following day, they went to visit the fortifications of Stralsund, and were present when the English troops entered into that town, under the command of General Gibbs. The General was very much satisfied at finding here Count Walmoden, with whom he had a long conference. It was then also, that we were joined by Colonel Rapatel, his former aide-de-camp.

We left Stralsund at three o'clock in the morning. What I have said of the manner in which Moreau was received in Sweden, scarcely affords an idea of the reception given him in Prussia: every one expressed, in his

own way, the joy which his presence caused. The innkeepers refused his money—the post-masters furnished him their best horses ;—scarcely did his carriage stop an instant ere it was surrounded by a multitude eager to see him and applaud him. He was far from ascribing to himself all this homage. “ These good people,” said he, “ prove by all these demonstrations, the hatred they bear to Bonaparte, and the desire which animates them to be for ever freed from him.” The effect caused by his presence, produced several touching scenes, from among which, I shall only cite one, remarkable for its simplicity. At

the gates of a small town, an old grey-haired corporal asked me the name of the traveller whom I accompanied, and as soon as I had uttered that of General Moreau, he repeated it thrice with great signs of astonishment; then with tears in his eyes, he eagerly seized the General's hand, and, notwithstanding his efforts, repeatedly kissed it, calling him "our father, our father." He then called loudly to three invalids, who composed the whole guard of the gate, and formed them in line to salute the General, who was deeply affected by this simple and artless testimony of the interest which his presence inspired.

In proportion as we advanced into a country where every thing recalls to mind the glory of the great Frederic, General Moreau astonished me by the knowledge he possessed, not only of the political and military events which rendered it interesting, but also of its manufacturing and territorial resources. Charles XII. and Frederic the Great were his favourite heroes ; the first on account of his grand character and astonishing intrepidity ; the second, on account of that expanded genius and that vigorous soul which never displayed their means to greater advantage, than in the midst of the great-

est reverses ; he admired him equally as a sage, a hero and a king. “ He,” said the General, “ never abandoned “ his army when surrounded by dangers ; nor was he ever at a loss how “ to manage it in the midst of battles. “ His victories were the fruit of the “ highest combinations ; seconded by “ a coup d’œil, the most accurate and “ just, by the rarest degree of sang froid, and by a courage such as it “ best becomes a Sovereign to display. “ The fury-tending tactics of Bonaparte have entirely overthrown the “ art of war ; battles are now no longer any thing but butcheries ; it is “ not, as formerly, by sparing the

“ blood of the soldiers, that a campaign is terminated ; but, in fact, by making that blood flow in torrents. Napoleon has gained his victories solely by mortal dint of men.”

In passing to New Oremburg, where the headquarters of the Prince of Sweden were, the venerable Marshal Steding, being informed of the arrival of General Moreau, instantly rose from table to go and invite him to dinner. I never witnessed more concord, more harmony, than in the reunion of those brave warriors, who listened with enchantment to a great man, whom they had

until then known only by his exploits.

We entered Berlin at eight o'clock in the evening. As soon as the report was spread of General Moreau's arrival in that capital, the streets which terminated at his hotel, and the rampart which fronted it, were filled by a great multitude, who testified their joy by huzzas a thousand times repeated. On the next day, he went to pay a visit to his Highness Prince Frédéric, and to his Excellency the Russian Ambassador, General Suctelen, and to General Bulow. We quitted Berlin the same day at noon, accompanied by a still

more considerable multitude than that which had welcomed us the evening before.

On our way, we found in each town and village, deserters from the French army, mostly Germans and Italians, who all begged to serve among the allied troops. Among them we found a single veteran who had served under Moreau; the rest were all but very young. This brave man recognized, with tears in his eyes, his former General, and assured him that his memory was deeply engraven in the hearts of the French soldiers, and also that Napoleon was so frightened at this, that he had forbidden,

under pain of death, that any one should utter the name of Moreau in the army, and declared that nothing was more false than the rumour of his arrival on the Continent. The veteran added, that there now remained very few soldiers who had fought in the former campaigns on the Rhine; that the greater part had perished in Russia, and that the small number of those who had escaped that disastrous campaign, was daily diminishing, on account of the necessity which existed of placing the veterans in front, in order to animate and sustain the children of whom the greater part of Bonaparte's army was

composed. The general chatted a pretty long while with him, and on asking what was the motive which induced him to desert, he answered, "My General, there is no longer any pleasure in serving in the French army; nothing is to be seen there but children who never consent to fight until their ears have been stunned by the roar of two hundred pieces of cannon.

Near Olau we met General Pozzo di Borgo, who informed us that the Austrians had joined the Allies, and spoke of the impatience with which Moreau was expected at headquarters.

Having learnt at Glatz that the Emperor was to pass the night at Ratiboschitz, we directed our way toward that place, where we arrived unfortunately two hours after his Imperial Majesty had quitted it for Prague.

When we entered the high road leading to Prague, we found it covered with the Russian park of artillery. The general admired the steadiness of the men, the beauty of the draught horses, the lightness of the carriages and of the cannons. "It is thus," said he, "that the
"thunders of war should be borne ;
"the appearance of your artillery al-
"ready explains to me the superiority

“it has maintained during the late
“campaigns.” He caused our carriage to go slower, in order to examine this branch of our military material, more in detail.

We soon found ourselves in the midst of the Imperial Russian Guard, and the name of General Moreau, which immediately flew from mouth to mouth, made the most lively impression on those brave men. The generals Miloradovitz, Ermoloff, and Rosen, hastened to come and testify to him their satisfaction at seeing him in the army, and accompanied us to a great distance. Contentment was exhibited on all faces ;

our young officers rushed before our carriage to contemplate their great model. The General bestowed just praise on their good behaviour and their martial air. "Behold," said he to me, "the heroes of Pultusk, of Eylau, of Smolensk; one might undertake every thing with such men."

We were compelled, by an accident which happened to our carriage, to remain four hours at Königsgratz, which afforded the General time to go and visit the Prince Royal of Prussia, who was in the town. The young Prince received him with the most charming man-

ners ; warmly expressed to him the joy he felt on seeing him ; and during a conversation of some hours spoke to him chiefly of his campaigns, which he had very sedulously studied.

On the 16th of August, at eight o'clock in the evening, we arrived at Prague ; it was the evening before the rupture of the armistice. Scarcely had we alighted when the General sent me with Colonel Rapatel to receive the orders of his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, whom we found just on the point of going out with the Emperor of Austria to the theatre. Colonel Rapatel receiv-

ed orders to be at the Palace after the play was over. His Majesty, after expressing to him the entire satisfaction which General Moreau's arrival gave him, told the Colonel he supposed he would take repose after the long and fatiguing journey he had just performed, and that he himself would postpone until next day the pleasure of receiving him. At the same time the Emperor sent one of his aides-de-camp to compliment the General.

On the next day at half-past eight in the morning, I was going out of our apartment, when I met the Emperor just about to enter : I had but

just time to apprise the General of the arrival of his Majesty, who embraced as soon as he addressed him ; and quitted him after a very animated conversation, which lasted two hours. On quitting his Majesty, the General came to me with tears in his eyes, and said to me in a softened voice, “ Ah ! my “ dear “ S——, what a man is the Empe- “ ror ! from this moment I have con- “ tracted the sweet and sacred obli- “ gation of sacrificing my life for “ him. There is no one who would “ not die to serve him. How much “ are all the flattering reports which I “ have heard relative to him, how

“much are all the prepossessions I
“had entertained in favour of him,
“beneath that angel of goodness!”

The General then repaired to the Castle, where his Majesty presented him to their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duchesses of Weimar and of Oldenburg. He was enchanted with their wit, their mental acquirements, and their manners. On quitting them he went to visit the Ministers and the Generals. In the evening he had a very interesting conversation with Count Metternich.

On the 18th at noon the General was presented by his Majesty the Emperor of Russia to his Majesty the

Emperor of Austria, who received him with the greatest marks of distinction, and among other things, thanked him for the moderation and mildness he had constantly shewn on every occasion, during the period of the campaigns on the Rhine ; adding, that the personal character of the General had very much contributed to diminish the evils of war with regard to the subjects of his Imperial Majesty.

His Majesty the King of Prussia had just arrived at Prague. The Emperor Alexander earnestly desired to present the General to him, but foreseeing at the same time that the

latter, having to set out the next day for the army, had scarcely time sufficient for preparations of the most indispensable kind, his Majesty invited the General to go and wait his orders at home. We were so waiting when all on a sudden the Emperor entered with the King of Prussia, and addressing himself to the General, said, "General Moreau; his Majesty the King of Prussia." This Prince accosted him by saying, "that he had
" come with a great deal of pleasure
" to see a General so renowned for his
" talents and his virtues." He then added in a more touching tone, " how
" much he admired the motives which

“ had urged him to repair to the army
“ of the allies, and how much he reli-
“ ed on his talents and his virtues for
“ the success of the common cause.”
The two sovereigns then closeted
themselves with him for two hours.

In treating Moreau with so much
distinction, the Emperor shewed that
he knew, from the nature of his own
heart, what was calculated to captivate
that of a great man. Decorations and
rewards of all kinds were nothing in
comparison with that reception, in
which his Imperial Majesty for an in-
stant forgot the supreme rank, in or-
der by a brilliant advance, to honour a
man whose military renown was his

least merit. The latter felt it so deeply, that he could not speak in cool deliberate terms of that august Sovereign, and when he heard him once called by one of the Generals, "the best of Princes," he replied briskly, "how, Sir? say the best of men."

The General told me that his Imperial Majesty had stated to him in a few hours the preceding campaign in a manner so precise, so clear, and with observations so just, comments so profound, that he fancied he was listening to the most experienced of generals. He permitted himself to put the most detailed questions to the Emperor; which gave his Ma-

jesty occasion to explain all the marches and all the manœuvres of the armies, and in that manner to supply whatever was obscure or incomplete in the official reports, which were the only documents which the General had read in America, in order to form an idea of those movements. After this conversation I often heard Moreau say, that if any thing impaired the many perfections with which the Emperor was endowed, it was an excess of modesty. He also professed the highest admiration of the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg; "she is," said he, "the great Catherine herself; her

“genius astonishes ; and her manners
“captivate all who know her.”

On the 19th, in the evening, Moreau set out for the army with one of his Imperial Majesty's aides-de-camp, and left me with Colonel Rapatel to make those arrangements which his numerous visits prevented him from attending to. We were to rejoin him next day.

How sweet was it for me to hear, after his departure, the encomiums which every one passed upon him.— In two days he had won all hearts ; his frankness and his noble simplicity had removed all ideas of jealousy which might have arisen against him,

on witnessing the welcome with which he had been received. Every one highly applauded the unlimited confidence which his Imperial Majesty placed in him. The general himself had charged me to repeat to all those who inquired about him, that he had no other ambition than to concur, with his means and experience, to the success of the common cause, the triumph of which must necessarily restore happiness and peace to his own country, in the bosom of which he wished to close his days in the practice of the domestic virtues.

Colonel Rapatel and myself had the honour to be presented on the

20th to their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duchesses of Weimar and Oldenburg, for whom General Moreau had left us a letter. We had every reason to be satisfied with the gracious reception they gave us. Their Highnesses asked us a host of questions about our General, and required us to let them know every particular of his manner of living in the New World. We had the pleasure to hear them express themselves with regard to him in terms of heartfelt admiration; they said they had never seen a man so well deserving of renown, and, having so just a right to make the highest pretensions,

to be at the same time so modest, so simple, and so frank. Their Imperial Highnesses, in an audience they gave me on the following day, charged me to remind General Moreau, that they eagerly expected news of him, and to urge him speedily to let them have his consort along with them; adding, that no one in the world interested them so much as Madame Moreau. The Grand Duchess Catharine gave Col. Rapatel a letter for the General.

On the 25th, we rejoined him at Reichstadt, six miles from Dresden. From thence, he immediately set out on his approach to that capital, and

in this journey, as in all others, accompanied his Majesty the Emperor. The whole of the next day, he also, passed on horseback, accompanying his Imperial Majesty, and his Prussian Majesty. The attack on Dresden commenced at four o'clock in the afternoon, and towards evening became very serious; the town was seen to be on fire in twelve places. At eight o'clock, the General made a sign to me to follow him, and we descended into the valley, where the Austrian cavalry was ranged in order of battle. He went along the front of the columns with the greatest rapidity, in the midst of bullets and bombs which fell on all

sides, and stopt only to speak to General Chastler, who received him with every demonstration of the most lively interest and respect. The General then moved further in advance, to reconnoitre the batteries of the enemy. We ever experience, when near a hero, a feeling of assurance ; this sentiment, in the present instance, hindered me from reflecting on the perils that surrounded me ; but seeing with what temerity Moreau exposed himself, and feeling of what high value his life was to us, I warmly expressed to him my fears, conjuring him to think on the deep sorrow which would be spread among the allies by the loss

of the man on whom so many of their hopes rested. He listened to me, and resolved to return and be near the Emperor. We were lighted on our way by the flames of Dresden then burning, and by the explosion of the bombs which fell at some distance from us. We found the Emperor Alexander uneasy respecting what had become of Moreau, whom he had seen at his side the whole day. The latter gave his Imperial Majesty an account of the positions of the enemy at all points.

In the night, he had an occasion of becoming known to His Imperial

Highness the Archduke Constantine, who came to announce, that the intention of the enemy was to debouche on the right.

The accounts given by the prisoners, confirmed the arrival of Bonaparte at Dresden, at one in the afternoon, with 60,000 men, part of whom, who were his guards, had been brought in post carriages.

It was during this day, that two Wurtemberg regiments passed over, with drums beating, to our side, and took their stations immediately among our troops.

The 27th, (a fatal day ! which was marked by a catastrophe so afflicting

to all Europe, so terrible to France, and so cruel toward the friends of order, and the admirers of real glory !) the weather was dreadful ; the rain, which fell in torrents, scarcely allowed any use to be made of the artillery ; and in spite of every precaution, the muskets were so penetrated by the wet, that they became useless in the hands of the soldiers. Towards noon, Moreau was communicating some military observations to his Imperial Majesty, who was at a very short distance, when a ball from one of the enemy's batteries, which was aiming to dismount one of ours, behind which, these great persons were

conversing, shattered to pieces the right knee of the General, and passing through his horse, carried away the calf of his other leg. It would be difficult to represent the grief which my Sovereign endured at the sight of this dreadful blow; he was affected by it even to tears, and hastened, in person, to administer to the hero who had just been struck, all the succour and consolation that might either soothe or re-assure him. Col. Rapatel had flown to his side to receive him in his arms: "I am lost, my dear Rapatel," said he, "but it is most sweet to die for so good a cause, and before the eyes of so

“great a Prince.” The Colonel sought to disguise from him his sad condition ; saying, it was easy to save him, and if a man like him had his head and his heart left, he might still hope to do great services, and to run a glorious career. But the general, though unwilling to damp the hopes of friendship, shewed, by his silence, that he could have no faith in these prognostics, and that already his great soul had perceived death without affright.

A litter was hastily made with the pikes of the Cossacks ; they covered him with some cloaks, and carried him away to a house less exposed to the fire of the enemy. It was there

that M. Welly, first surgeon to his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, directly amputated the right leg above the knee : when this first operation was terminated, the General begged him to examine the other, and to tell him if it was possible to save it ; but on receiving for answer, that this was impossible, “ well then, “ take it off,” said he, coolly. I have no need to tell what invariable firmness he displayed in the midst of the torments of both these amputations, or the care he himself took to console those whom he saw weeping over his sufferings ; their tears he reproached

them with, as marks of a pusillanimous friendship.

In a short time, notwithstanding all the efforts that had been employed to conceal this catastrophe from the armies, the news spread rapidly, and caused a general consternation. The army having received orders to make a movement to approach that of General Blucher, Moreau was removed to Passendorf, where he passed the night: he had a short, but tranquil slumber, and very little fever; he took only a little soup, and some wine and water.

On the 28th, at four o'clock in the morning, we placed him on litters

better contrived than the other, and furnished with curtains. Forty Croats were ordered out to carry him, and ten Cossacks of the guard served him as an escort. The morning was very rainy; the General frequently asked for water to refresh his mouth, and on arriving at Dippoldeswalden, he took a little bread in some soup. He seemed very tranquil, and even healthy. I had an opportunity of seeing here the King of Prussia, who was repairing to Toplitz. His Majesty inquired most pressingly of me concerning his condition, which seemed deeply to affect him, and said to me, "I should consider his death as the

“greatest misfortune that could befall
“me.” We continued our route toward the frontiers of Bohemia; and having halted at four o’clock to give him some repose, the Croats who carried him were relieved by some Prussian guards. We were afterwards met by the Emperor and his suite. His Majesty having learnt from me, that the General was not asleep, approached him, made the most tender inquiries respecting his health, and spoke a few words to him respecting the positions occupied by the army. We arrived at night fall, at head quarters. I cannot describe the affliction occasioned among all the troops by

the view of this General, who, some days ago, had been the object of so many hopes and so much enthusiasm, thus borne on a litter, and so grievously wounded. How many tears did I see flow down cheeks covered with glorious scars ! How many noble and courageous hearts have I seen unable to bear such an affecting picture !

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the journey, the General was in a condition which gave hopes, which were the better founded, since the fever was considerably diminished. M. Welly confirmed those hopes by a report on the state of the patient. He relied on the purity of his blood,

which he found to be most extraordinary, and on that greatness of soul which prevented the agitation of the mind from envenoming his bodily sufferings. He added, however, that there was scarcely a single example of recovery from such severe wounds.

On the 29th, the Emperor supposing that the General might bear the motion of a carriage, sent him his own coach and six ; but according to the advice of the surgeon, it was resolved, that he should be still borne on a litter ; and a company of Russian grenadiers were allotted to us for that purpose. Though the road across the mountains was frightful, and toil-

some even for a man in good health, the General supported the fatigues and inconveniences attending it without exhibiting the slightest symptoms of weakness ; and we found in that amazing fortitude and immovable constancy, new grounds of hope. We met with abrupt mountains and sudden declivities ; sometimes the roads we had to cross were overwhelmed by torrents ; at other times the footpaths bounded by deep precipices and roaring gulfs, hardly afforded room for the bearers of the General to walk in line. Thus, to the deep concern which his wounds occasioned us, were united apprehensions

almost as terrible respecting the dangers of the road. The Emperor overtook us, half-way, with his suite, and failed not, in person, to ask the General how he found himself, forbearing however to make him speak too much, and to advert to subjects which might occasion him any agitation. We then stopt to give him some tea; he had not ceased during the day, to refresh his mouth with cold water, which appeared to afford him an agreeable sensation; but which excited in me some vague fears, lest he should not be so well as he looked.

When we descended into the great valley, we could distinctly hear a very

brisk cannonade, and saw two villages and the town of Toplitz in flames. We redoubled our steps to arrive as soon as possible at Duks, where the head quarters of the Emperor were; we arrived there late. At eleven in the evening, the first dressings were removed, and the wounds appeared to be in a favourable state; they were beginning to close, and shewed very little inflammation. It was in this place, that we heard of the victory obtained by the Russian guards, under the command of Count Osterman Tolstoy, over the corps of General Vandamme, which was infinitely superior to

them in number. When I related to General Moreau, the repeated acts of valour, by which our brave men had distinguished themselves in this affair; he said to me, "We must naturally expect the greatest things from the best troops in the world." All the Generals and Officers who were at head quarters, came to make inquiries about him, in the most earnest anxiety.

On the 30th, at noon, we arrived at Laun; and going on to Belin, which affords excellent mineral waters, the General desired to have some bottles of it, which I procured for him. During the whole journey

he had continued to refresh his mouth with spring water, and to drink some, mixed with wine ; and moreover, he seemed to us extremely tranquil.— It was at Laun we heard of the total defeat of the corps of Vandamme, and of that Commander's being made prisoner. All the details on this combat, so much like that of Thermopylæ, excited his warmest admiration.

Having learnt that the Swedish Minister was to despatch a courier in the evening, the General desired to write to Madam Moreau. We in vain observed to him that he would run the risk of fatiguing himself very

much by writing with his own hand ; he persisted in his resolution, and it was on a desk which I held before him that he wrote, with a tolerably steady hand, this letter, which in its brief, yet concise contexture, gives the lie authentically to the calumnies which Napoleon has spread abroad, respecting the manner in which this great man bore the dreadful blow with which he had been struck.

Here is the letter :

“ My dear friend,—At the battle of
“ Dresden, three days ago, I had
“ both legs carried away by a cannon
“ shot. That scoundrel, Bonaparte,
“ is always lucky.

“ The amputation has been per-
 “ formed as well as possible. Though
 “ the army has made a retrograde
 “ movement, it is not directly back-
 “ ward, but sideways, and for the sake
 “ of getting nearer General Blucher.
 “ Excuse my scrawl : I love thee,
 “ and embrace thee with my whole
 “ heart. I charge Rapatel to finish.

“ V. M.”

The General then shewed a great
 inclination to chat ; but we complied
 with it as little as possible, well know-
 ing how dangerous that would be in
 his situation. We were rather dis-
 posed to keep every body out of his
 apartment, but we could not refuse to

let in his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, who staid nearly a quarter of an hour with him. This Prince told him, " he was very happy " in becoming acquainted with him ; " but his happiness would have been " still greater, had he formed that acquaintance on the field of battle." The General answered, " that they " might probably meet together there, " in six weeks."

Alas ! at the moment when hope was dawning on his heart, it was leaving ours ; and on seeing him thus rely on the recovery of his health, we the more deeply felt the concern which his situation caused us. Count Met-

ternich afterwards came on the part of the Emperor of Austria, to testify to him all the interest which his Majesty took in his condition, and quitted him after a conversation of ten minutes. Until midnight he remained very tranquil; but, all at once, a hiccup and frequent vomitings having come on him, it was no longer possible to be mistaken as to the degree of danger he was in.

On the 31st, the same symptoms continued, and never left him a moment of repose, so that he sunk into a state of great weakness. The cold of death had already reached his intestines, when the news of General

Blucher's victory seemed to reanimate him, and to spread through every sense a reviving balm ; but this apparent change for the better, could not alter our mournful forebodings.

On the 1st of September, the physicians had succeeded in removing the hiccup ; and he expressed a most earnest desire to be borne on to Prague ; but he was so weak, that we made him feel he could not bear the journey. He then said, it was perhaps possible to go by water ; and inquired, if there was not some point of communication with the Moldau, maintaining, that at all events, the journey, as far as that river, was not

too long for him to venture upon. He examined the map several times, in order to ascertain if what he desired could be executed. He was busied in this examination, and I was alone with him, when he heard shouts, which came from the street. He had the curiosity to learn the cause ; and on my telling him, they were occasioned by the arrival of General Vandamme, who was making his entrance into the town, amidst the hootings of the multitude ; he said to me, with astonishing warmth, “ It is high time that monster should be put out of condition for doing harm ! ” and he then was silent. He testified the

greatest pleasure on being told, that Vandamme having complained to the Grand Duke Constantine, of the ill treatment they made him experience, by refusing him his aide-de-camp, and taking him in an open carriage, which might expose him to the insults of the populace ; that Prince answered, "that the harshest treatment would be even generosity toward a man, sullied like him, with the blackest crimes," and afterwards his Imperial Highness caused his sword to be taken from him, which, through an excess of goodness, the Emperor Alexander had allowed that he should retain. The General sent

Colonel Rapatel and me to go and look at Vandamme ; I found him declaiming like a madman against Bonaparte, whom he accused of having abandoned, sacrificed, betrayed him. I left this maniac in the midst of his paroxysms of fury and returned to tell what I had seen of him.

All night, from the 1st to the 2d of September, the unfortunate Moreau was restless, yet he did not seem to be in pain. He never ceased consulting his repeater, and calling sometimes Colonel Rapatel, and sometimes me, to write, after his dictation, a letter to the Emperor. At length, toward seven in the morning, finding myself

alone with him, he made me take up the pen, and dictated to me the following lines :

“ SIRE,

“ I go down to the grave with the
“ same sentiments of admiration,
“ respect, and devotedness, which
“ your Majesty inspired me with
“ from the first moment of our inter-
“ view.” * * *

He had got on thus far, when he closed his eyes. I thought he was meditating on what he was going to dictate to me, and I held the pen ready to follow him—but, he was no more ! The best, the noblest of men

was no more ! Death had imprinted on his countenance no sign of suffering, or of convulsion ; he appeared to sleep a peaceful slumber, peaceful as was his heart at the moment when he was struck. It was then within five minutes of seven o'clock. During his short but painful catastrophe, never had his cool firmness forsaken him ; on seeing our tears and our sadness, he himself took care to console us ; " My friends," said he, " what good is there in mourning ? " thus has Providence willed it ; we " must submit without a murmur." On the evening before, wishing to announce to him, in the most gentle,

and sparing manner, that the physicians had no longer any hopes, we spoke to him of his unalterable tranquillity, of that calmness with which he beheld the progress of his disorder, &c. &c. "My friends," answered he without permitting us to enter into particulars, "it is because I have nothing where-
"with to reproach myself." Thus ended this hero, consecrating his last action and his last thought to the Sovereign whom he rightly regarded as the principal repairer of the wrongs and ills of Europe, as him to whom France would one day owe the fall of her tyrant, and the re-establishment of her happiness on the just and solid

basis of legitimacy. This was the observation I made to my Sovereign when I announced to him this sad intelligence.

On arriving at Toplitz, I found his Imperial Majesty assisting with the Emperor of Austria, and the King of Prussia at a Te Deum, which was sung in the midst of the army to celebrate the victories just obtained over Bonaparte. I did not think proper to disturb his Majesty while entertaining all the consoling ideas, all the happy presages which this ceremony doubtless presented to his mind; I waited until the close, to fulfill the sad duty which brought me to Toplitz. His

Majesty's emotions were extreme when I announced to him the death I had witnessed. He deigned to take me by the hand, and to say to me in a tone of the severest grief, "that was "a great man ; a very noble heart."

On quitting his Majesty I was surrounded by all the Generals and aides-de-camp who were there ; and I felt some consolation at witnessing the tributes of praise, and even the tears, which those brave warriors bestowed on his memory. I saw several who regretted that the stroke which had carried off that great man, had not taken them away in his stead.

At eight o'clock his Imperial Ma-

jesty having caused me to come into
 his cabinet, gave me the following or-
 ders:—1. To convey the body of the
 General to Prague to be embalmed.
 2. To entrust it to Colonel Rapatel,
 whom his Imperial Majesty charged
 to accompany it to St. Petersburg,
 in order to be interred in the Catho-
 lic church with all the funeral hon-
 ours which had been paid to Marshal
 Prince Koutousoff. “Let us endea-
 vour at least to honour his memo-
 ry,” said the Emperor to me. His
 Majesty then ordered me to enter
 into all the details which concerned
 General Moreau, his wife, his daugh-
 ter, his fortune; and desired that I

should set out with a letter written by his own hand to Madame Moreau :
“ it is a consolation which I cannot
“ withhold from Madame Moreau,
“ that of sending you to wait upon
“ her,” said his Majesty, “ she will be
“ interested at seeing a man who was
“ with her husband until his last mo-
“ ment.”

I have heard it said that when the question arose between the two other Sovereigns and the Emperor Alexander, respecting their claims to the body of General Moreau, this Prince said, “ his ashes are too
“ dear to me to let me forego the
“ ambition of possessing them in my

“capital.” Indeed, the most distinguished homage which his Imperial Majesty has rendered to the memory of that General, is the letter of which he made me the bearer, to Madame Moreau. It is impossible to read without the most tender emotion and admiration, those expressions at once touching and noble, which the Emperor has employed to soften a grief, the extent of which he estimated by the regrets he himself experienced. Greatness never employed a more worthy language, nor pity more sweet consolations. Every thing, in that expansion of an elevated soul and a pure heart,

bespeaks the Sovereign who protects, and the friend who consoles. There is nothing in it that breathes either formality or affectation ; it is the impulse of the liveliest sensibility, and the truest grief. Whatever may be written of General Moreau will never be capable of equalling the tribute of regret and of eulogy paid to his memory in those immortal lines ; and if any one inquire of his desolated widow, she will doubtless say that they have restored her to the consciousness of existence, that they have recalled her from the brink of the grave, and that in reading them she has been enabled to conceive that

it was possible not to sink under the most poignant grief with which the human heart can possibly be afflicted. Here is that letter :

“ MADAM,

“ When the dreadful misfortune
“ which befel General Moreau by my
“ side, deprived me of the luminous
“ mind and experience of that great
“ man, I cherished the hope that by
“ great care it might be possible to
“ preserve him to his family and to
“ my friendship. Providence has or-
“ dained otherwise. He has died as
“ he has lived, in the full energy of a
“ strong and constant soul. There

“ is only one remedy for the great
“ evils of life ; it is that of seeing
“ them shared. In Russiá, Madam,
“ you will every where find these sen-
“ timents ; and if it be convenient
“ for you to settle there, I will seek
“ out all the means to embellish the
“ existence of a person, of whom I
“ hold it to be my sacred duty to be
“ the comforter and the supporter. I
“ pray you, Madam, to rely on it most
“ confidently ; never to leave me in
“ ignorance of any circumstance in
“ which I can be at all useful to you,
“ and to write to me always direct.
“ To anticipate your wishes will be
“ always an enjoyment to me. The

“ friendship I had vowed to your
 “ husband goes beyond the tomb,
 “ and I have no other means of ac-
 “ quitting myself well, at least in part,
 “ towards him, than in acting so as to
 “ ensure, as I shall ever be disposed
 “ to do, the well-being of his family.

“ Receive, Madam, in the present
 “ cruel and distressing circumstances,
 “ these testimonials, with the assur-
 “ ance of all my best sentiments.

“ ALEXANDER.

“ *Toplitz, the 6th Sept. 1813.*”

The Emperor the more deeply felt
 the loss he had just sustained, since
 he regarded Moreau as the interme-

dial between the Allies and the French nation. Ah! who more than he was capable of proving to the French, whom he loved so much, and to whom he was himself so dear, that it is not to reduce them to subjection, but to deliver them, that the Allies have taken up arms.

Events had succeeded each other in such rapidity, that the General had not had time to publish a proclamation which he addressed to the French nation, and which his Majesty approved. It bore simply this title: "*General Moreau to the French.*" It was short, plain, and energetic, as was every thing he wrote. In it he ex-

plained the object of his arrival on the continent, which was to aid the French in withdrawing themselves from the dreadful despotism of Bonaparte ; he there announced that he came to sacrifice, if need were, his life, to restore repose and happiness to a country which had never ceased to be dear to him ; he ended by calling all the true and faithful sons of France to the standards of independence. This address entirely contradicts the proclamation, dated Grosvitch, the 17th of August, which has been attributed to him, and in which he has been made to assume the title of Major General in the service of Russia. To this sup-

position I would object : 1. That at the date of the 17th of August, General Moreau was at Prague. 2. That he had caused the Emperor Alexander to agree that he should have no title near his person, seeing that, having no other ambition than to restore repose to France, his sole wish, after arriving at the accomplishment of this great end, was quietly to terminate his days there, in the bosom of his family. His Majesty then said to him, " Well : be then my friend, my " counsel !" and are not these two titles worth all that a man can be ambitious of obtaining ?

In the General's papers has been found the commencement of a journal of the operations of which he had been an eye-witness, until the fatal day when he was wounded; this has been sent to her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg, for whom he was writing it.

At length, after the body of General Moreau had been embalmed at Prague, a solemn service was performed over it, and then it was left exposed at the palace of the Archbishopric for two days. The crowd which went thither to see him, expressed their regrets in the most touching manner.

On the 6th of September, it was deposited in a coffin to be conveyed to St. Petersburg.

After having seen the last duties paid to him, I thought only on those which the honour of having known him, and the advantage of having valued him, imposed on me. Happy if in this brief and slight sketch I have not too much fallen short of the great name I have celebrated, and of the great man whom I have tried to make known to the world as I myself knew him !

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
OF
GENERAL MOREAU.

J. V. MOREAU, the son of a distinguished advocate, was born at Morlaix, in 1761. At the time of the revolution he held the office of Provost of Jurisprudence at Rennes, and possessed very great influence among the students; he owed it as much to his talents as to an air of

frankness, and a most agreeable mien, which at first sight were pre-possessing. At the epoch when the parliament of Bretagne was in opposition to the court, he ranged himself on the side of the magistracy, and was called the General of the Parliament. For five months, during which there existed a species of civil war between the partisans of that body and the governor of the province, Moreau shewed bravery and even skill. The Commandant of Rennes, having given orders to arrest him, but to take him alive, he opposed to the searches which were made for him, so much prudence and intrepidity, that though

he appeared every day in the public places, the garrison could never seize him. But when, in its turn, the parliament of Rennes, seconded by the states of Bretagne, wished to oppose the measures of the ministry, for the convocation of the states general, Moreau changed sides without changing his principles, and he was seen to command the forces, which at Rennes and at Nantes had organized themselves against the parliamentary party.

After having presided in January, 1790, over the confederation of the youths of Bretagne, at Pontivi, he was appointed commandant of the

first battalion of volunteers, organized in his department.

Thenceforward he seriously occupied himself in the military art ; and, the result of his studies naturally reclaiming him to principles of order and discipline, the effervescence of his first opinions soon made him incline to more moderate views ; and when the constitution of 1793 was presented to the suffrages of the army, he did not dissemble his very great disapprobation of it ; so that his battalion was the last to accept it.

His bravery and his talents soon made him conspicuous, and in 1793

he was appointed Brigadier-General to the army of the North. In April, 1794, having been made General of Division, at the demand of the General in chief, Pichegru, who had very early appreciated him, he was principally charged with the conduct of the sieges, and successively took Menin, Ypres, Bruges, Ostend, Nieuport, the Isle of Cassandria and Fort L'Ecluse. It was at the moment they were taking possession of this latter fortress, that he was informed the jacobins of Brest had sent his old father to the scaffold, because he had consented to take care of the administration of the

property of some Frenchmen who were absent. This news affected him so deeply, that he would have emigrated immediately, if Pichegru had not observed to him that he was not sure he would be well received by the Austrians, and that from them he had to apprehend a treatment similar to that which La Fayette had been made to undergo, as well as those who accompanied him in his flight.

During the famous campaign of the winter of 1794, he commanded the right wing of the army of the North, and from that epoch laid the foundation of that military renown,

which, supported by the suffrage of his general, and the opinion of the whole army, soon gained him the command in chief, when Pichegru went to take that of the Rhine and Moselle.

Moreau, imitating his illustrious predecessor, soon disengaged himself from the shackles imposed on him by the revolutionary government established in Holland by the Deputies of the Convention, and having fixed his plan of operations, political, as well as military, he communicated it to Generals Daendels and Dumonceau, ordering them to signify to the Batavian committee, that they

should second it, and in eight days signify to him their obedience to this injunction.

When Pichegru was forced to quit the army of the Rhine and Moselle, by the bad proceedings of the Directory, who had suffered him to want provisions at Bassein, and had never allowed him sufficient forces, Moreau was appointed in his stead, and opened that campaign of 1796, which determined the elevated rank he afterwards occupied among the French Generals. After having repulsed General Wurmser, as far as Manheim, he was seen successively to effect the passage of the Rhine

near Strasburg; to attack, on the 6th of July, the Archduke Charles at Rastadt; and, notwithstanding the great skill displayed by that Prince, to force him to abandon the course of the Necker. After the battle given on the 11th of August, near Heydenheim, and which lasted seventeen days, leaving both parties uncertain as to whom the success belonged, General Moreau seeing the Austrians retiring on the Danube, hastened to move in advance. The Archduke Charles, having then filed toward the right to relieve General Wartensleben, who was hard pressed by Jourdain, Mo-

reau bent his efforts toward the pursuit of General Latour.

Notwithstanding the victory which Moreau gained at Friedberg, near Augsburg, on the 24th August, and his feint of a march on the Danube, as if he had meant to go and relieve Jourdain, he found himself obliged, on account of the reinforcements which the Austrians daily received from the hereditary states, and of the precipitate flight of that General, to effect his own retreat, which took place on the 11th September.

Here commences one of the finest military achievements ever mentioned in history. Moreau, wishing to

ensure the conveyance of his baggage, at first sought to make himself master of both Banks of the Danube; but, on finding the bridge of Neuburg occupied by General Nauendorff, he saw himself obliged to move along the right bank, and thence lost for the moment a point on which he had relied for his military operations. But with that precision of movements, and that wisdom of combination, which have characterized this magnificent retreat, he suddenly repassed the Leck, and obtained some advantages over a corps of observation, which he astonished by his rapid march. The reverses he experienced on his right

did not prevent him from beating the Austrians at Biberach, and he would have obtained a decisive advantage over them, if the army of Condé had not held in check for the whole of the day, his right wing, with a bravery, which often in these campaigns, prevented the most disastrous defeats.

The Archduke Charles had endeavoured, by the most skilful manœuvres, to dispute the passage of the Black Forest; but, Moreau, through the greatest obstacles, at length succeeded in debouching in Brisgau, and in passing the Rhine at Brissac and Huninguen, preserving on the right bank a tête-

de-pont before the latter town and the fort of Kehl. The Archduke Charles lost before Kehl a precious portion of time, which he might have better employed in going to relieve the army of Italy. The siege was vigorously kept up, and notwithstanding a very brisk sortie, headed by Moreau in person, and in which he carried several works of the opposing army, this fortress surrendered on the 31st December. The tête-de-pont of Huningue, defended with an obstinacy quite unexampled, fell by capitulation into the hands of the Austrians, on the 4th of February, 1797.

It was at this epoch that Moreau, setting himself above all sentiments of rivalry which but too often exist among Generals, who, at distant points, command separate armies, on learning that Bonaparte was extremely hard pressed by the Austrian forces in Italy, determined to detach from the troops under his command, a corps sufficient to reinforce him. The following is what Carnot says of it in the work which he published in 1799, in his own justification, as Director of the French Republic.

“ Though Bonaparte had his
“ flanks and his rear free, he had

“ not forces enough to warrant him
“ in expecting decisive successes
“ against the Emperor. He de-
“ manded fifteen thousand men ; I
“ formed a project for giving him
“ thirty * * * *. These thirty
“ thousand men were to be drawn
“ from the army of the Rhine and
“ Moselle primarily ; then the half
“ to be replaced by the army of the
“ Sambre and Meuse. Never was
“ an order more punctually, more
“ faithfully, more loyally executed.
“ Moreau, who foresaw the neces-
“ sity of this disposition, had held
“ for a long time a corps in reserve
“ for this very purpose ; and though

“ his army was most unfortunate,
“ because it could not, like the
“ others, subsist at the expence of
“ the enemy, and though the pe-
“ nury of our finances was an hin-
“ drance to the supply of its neces-
“ sities, he had made further sacri-
“ fices, in order that this corps
“ should be passably well equipped,
“ and ready to set out at the first
“ signal. This signal is given ; the
“ troops are on their march ; they
“ arrive on the frontiers of Mont-
“ Blanc, before the enemy can sur-
“ mise that their destination is for
“ Italy.”

We cannot here withhold ourselves from citing what Carnot said on the disinterested conduct of Moreau on this occasion. The enthusiasm of that ex-Director cannot here be attributed to his republican opinions, but to the admiration excited in him by an act worthy of the most illustrious days of ancient times : We think that the manner in which he has expressed it is an historical homage which all parties will applaud :

“ O Moreau,” said he, “ O my
“ dear Fabius ! how great wert thou
“ in this circumstance ! How superior
“ wert thou to those little rivals

“ries among Generals, which some-
“times make the best projects fail !
“Let some accuse thee for not
“having denounced Pichegru ; let
“others accuse thee for having done
“so ; I care not. But my heart
“tells me that Moreau could not be
“culpable ; my heart proclaims thee
“a hero. Posterity, more just than
“thy contemporaries, shall raise al-
“tars to thee.”

Here then behold Moreau, forget-
ting both his own perilous situation,
and the sentiment of his own glory,
and contributing to the success of
Bonaparte, who has since sought to
deliver him over to the axe of the

executioner, and subsequently doomed him to the torments of exile, when it was proved to him that he could not sacrifice him with impunity.

Moreau, wishing to assume the offensive, meditated the passage of the Rhine; but being in want of money to construct the necessary bridges, he went to Paris, in the hope of obtaining from the Treasury wherewith to complete this operation. "I induced him," says Carnot, "to set out again immediately, and to risk a coup de main, even though he should not be quite ready. Moreau had no need of that; never was there a General more devoted, more

“modest. He sets out; and the
“passage of the Rhine is executed;
“he astonishes the enemy only: in
“France we were dazzled and over-
“heated with victories. I did not
“expect such prompt success.”

In fact Moreau had effected the passage of the Rhine in open daylight, and by main force against an enemy ranked in order of battle on the other bank, and on the very day when the preliminaries of Leoben were signed by Bonaparte. The sequel of this brilliant operation was the immediate retaking of the fort of Kehl; several pieces of colours, the military chest, and nearly 4000

prisoners, fell into the hands of the French.

There had been seized at the commencement of the Campaign, in the baggage-waggon of the Austrian General Klinglin, a correspondence which proved the understanding that subsisted between Pichegru, the Prince of Conde, and the English minister, Wickham. This correspondence, which was in cypher, had been very slowly made out, and Moreau shewed the greatest repugnance at communicating it to the Directory. At length, seeing the strife between that body and the councils settled, and guessing what

would be the issue of it, the General felt that he would lose himself by his silence, without saving Pichegru, and being particularly pressed by his chef d'état Major, who announced to him that if he persisted in his silence, he should be obliged to reveal every thing, he wrote that letter with which he has never been reproached, unless because the imperious necessity to which he had yielded, was unknown. He did not write it to the Directors collectively, but made a kind of confidential communication of it, abandoned to the discretion of Barthelemy, whom he was far from expecting to see proscribed

along with Pichegru. The latter, after his return from Cayenne, never shewed any sort of resentment at it; very far from participating in the prejudices of the multitude in this respect, he was heard to declare several times, that it was from Moreau himself that he wished to know the circumstances which had forced him to this proceeding, and until then he would suspend his judgment on the conduct of a former companion in arms.

The Directors were not mistaken as to this tardy declaration of Moreau, and they very soon placed him under the necessity of asking leave

to retire. Yet the want which was felt for his talents soon re-established him in the army, without, however, putting a stop to his disgrace; and in September, 1798, after being named Inspector General, he was called to preside over the Military Board, charged by the Directory to prepare plans of campaigns. It does not appear that this state of inaction suited his character; for, on the very opening of the campaign in Italy, he was seen to repair, as a volunteer, to the army of Scherer, where he was an eye-witness to the defeats experienced by that General near Verona. At length the latter, no longer know-

ing how either to command or fight, referred to Moreau the care of saving the army, which he executed by the most skilful manœuvres in the presence of forces much superior to his own. ¶ He had just been nominated Commander in Chief of the army of the Rhine, when Joubert came to take that of the army of Italy. This young General, on the point of giving battle, wished to defer the direction of it to Moreau, who refused it, and only asked to fight under his orders. In fact, he fought in person at the battle of Novi, where Joubert was killed, and he himself incurred the greatest dangers, having had three

horses killed under him, and received a ball in his clothes, which grazed his shoulder. He then operated his retreat with so much superiority, that he almost nullified to the allies the fruit of their victory.

It was after this last manœuvre that he quitted the army of Italy, and terminated a campaign, in which he displayed, according to the avowal of all military men, a genius which placed him on a level with the greatest captains. It is impossible not to admire the art with which, at the head of the remains of a conquered army, he disputed some leagues of territory, which Europe believed were never to cost

more than a few marches to the victorious armies of the allies, especially when we reflect that he was contending against the great Suvarow.

Before going to take command of the army of the Rhine, Moreau went to Paris; he arrived there at the moment when the existence of the Directory was tottering under the weight of its own faults, under that also of the hatred of France, and the contempt of all parties. The men who in their councils had formed the project of overthrowing him, believed that there was only one military man of great reputation who could restore consideration and respect to the Gov.

ernment of France, and eclat to her arms; they in consequence proposed to General Moreau to take charge of the destinies of a country, illustrious by his exploits, and of late solely preserved from invasion by his firmness, his presence of mind, and his talents. Moreau, not believing himself in a condition to direct, amidst the contest of the reanimated parties, the affairs of his country, refused. This fatal distrust of himself, which he has since bitterly regretted, has put off for many years the repose of France.

Bonaparte, who arrived during these transactions, did not oppose the same scruples to the same pro-

posals, and Moreau, ever modest, ever ready to sacrifice his pretensions to what he thought was to operate for the good of his country, consented to serve under the orders of Bonaparte, and to aid him with his influence and his means in the revolution which was preparing. Some days after the 18th Brumaire, he saw that he had been mistaken, and feared that he had concurred in giving a tyrant to his country. Being soon appointed to the command of the army of the Danube and of the Rhine, he went to put the seal on his great military reputation by a new campaign. Those

who have observed him in the different affairs by which it opened, say that he then carried his contempt of life too far, and on seeing him expose himself with the temerity of a soldier, his comrades thought he was seeking to terminate in battle a life, thenceforth poisoned by a presentiment of the evils which Bonaparte was preparing for France. At the battle of Moeskirch he exposed his person like a grenadier, had four horses killed under him, and received a spent ball in his chest. A very remarkable circumstance in this campaign, it is, that at the moment when Moreau was entering Beberach, Pi-

chegru, then a proscribed man, and a refugee in Germany, was fleeing from this town when the rapid march of his early friend had failed in overtaking him. Strange vicissitude of a revolution, which thus presented a General fleeing before his pupil in the art of war, and Pichegru afraid to fall into the hands of French soldiers !

Under a regular government, Pichegru would have confided in his friend : but, under the influence of the Directorial Oligarchy, he would not, in delivering himself into Moreau's hands, have occasioned any thing but the proscription of them

both ; this was what hindered him from making an appeal to a soul, whose candour and loyalty were well known to him.

At length, after an uninterrupted series of victories, Moreau gained the memorable battle of Hohenlinden, which terminated the campaign, and forced the Austrian cabinet to enter into a negociation for peace. The General returned to Paris, where he received the testimonies of the public admiration. Bonaparte, in spite of the secret jealousy which was devouring his heart, could not avoid appearing to unite his suffrage to that of all France, and said to

to Moreau, on placing in his hands a pair of magnificent pistols, "that he "had wished to have had engraved "on them all his victories, but there "could not be found room enough "for them." This forced, trivial, incomplete eulogy, proves how far from sincere was the admiration of a rising despot toward a General who had, in his eyes, the wrong of having acquired more glory than himself, and loved the country which he was meditating to ruin and enslave.

From that moment, Moreau thought solely of living in retirement; and having united his lot to a

young person* in whom were combined all the qualities of the mind with all the graces of beauty, brilliant talents and solid virtues, he settled on the estate of Grosbois which he had bought of Barras.

It was there that in the sweets of conjugal union, and in the midst of the foreigners, who arrived in crowds to testify to him their admiration, he endeavoured, not indeed to withdraw himself entirely, but to render less importunate the sinister forebodings which announced servitude and misery to France. He almost entirely gave up going to Paris, and entirely ceased visiting Bonaparte, blaming, with a

* Mademoiselle Hulot.

frankness more laudable than prudent, all the acts by which that man was forming a prelude of tyranny. All Paris then seized with avidity, some traits which had escaped him against the latter.

A rather remarkable incident which happend in the beginning of 1802, must have indicated to Moreau that he was watched by spies, and that the hatred of his ferocious rival had been feeding on all that had escaped him, and on his patriotic discontent. A certain Abbe David, known by a book published on the Operations of the Campaign in Holland, had conceived the idea of approximating Pichegru

and Moreau, foreseeing that the union of those two great men might one day be useful to France. He found from the very first overture, that Moreau was delighted with the idea of placing himself in communication with his friend, his former brother in arms, and set out for London with a letter which expressed to Pichegru, that wish of a noble soul and a feeling heart. But the police followed the traces of the Abbe David as far as Calais, and arrested him just as he was about to embark. He was taken to Paris, detained at the Police Administration Office, whither Bonaparte secretly repaired at each examination,

to listen to the details of it, hid behind a screen, either because he feared his own agents would not render him an account of it faithfully, or because, in his impatience to find pretexts for the perdition of Moreau, he could not wait for their report. The Abbe David went to expiate at the Temple, the wrong of having wished to re-establish between two great men, that confidence and friendship which had once intimately united them.

Pichegru, sure of what were the sentiments of his early friend, had directed General Lajolais to him in 1803, in order to become acquainted with the projects which occupied him ; but

Moreau having but little esteem for the latter, had confined himself to assurances of the entire interest he took in the fate of his friend, and of the desire which he had of soon seeing him again in France. Lajolais fancied he could interpret this avowal as an invitation given to Pichegru to repair thither, in order to concur in the overthrow of the government of Bonaparte; and he came to London to bring the positive assurance, that Moreau was ready to connect himself with any kind of project which should have that for its object; and that he ardently desired the presence of Pichegru at Paris. He took good care not

to say, that Moreau had testified to him so little confidence, that he refused to lend him fifty louis d'or for his journey.

For several months General Georges was in Paris, to prepare the means of carrying off Bonaparte by main force, in one of his rides from Paris to St. Cloud. The plan he had concerted with Pichegru was just at its maturity; and from day to day, advices were expected which were to determine the departure of the latter with two Princes of the house of Bourbon. But what Lajolais announced of the intentions of General Moreau, appeared too important not

to encourage an attempt to profit by them immediately ; and it was decided that, as this General earnestly desired the presence of Pichegru in Paris, the latter should set out directly to concert with him. Moreau in fact testified to his early friend how happy he was to see him, but he was far from guessing the project which brought him, and still more so, that every thing was ready to realize it.

Without disputing the necessity of the re-establishment of the Bourbon family, Moreau still wished to prepare for it by gradations, which should bring over his own party, in which he counted several republi-

cans, to approve and second it. Pichegru, who had concerted every thing with Georges, and who felt that any slowness of proceeding might occasion the loss of the latter, and of the people whom he had collected for the audacious enterprise in contemplation, wished that Moreau should declare himself immediately, and unconditionally bind himself to the cause, of which he secretly desired the success. At length Moreau, sacrificing his scruples to the security of his friend, and to his warm intreaties, had agreed that those who had prepared the plan should execute it; and that in case of success, he should

place himself in advance with his party, to protect them against the measures which the partisans of Bonaparte might take at the first moment to avenge him. He decided too late : the police, enlightened by what Gue-relle revealed, knew of the presence of Pichegrue and Georges at Paris, and of their connexion with Moreau ; the latter was first arrested.

All Europe knows the details of this disastrous affair ; but what are less known, are the persecutions in detail which Bonaparte employed to wound Moreau in the dearest affections, and the marks of respect and attachment which the latter received

from all the military men during the proceedings.

The order had been given by the agents of Bonaparte, not to let Madame Moreau communicate with her consort, until after having made him experience all the vexations of a restless inspection, and suspense the most painful. When this interesting woman presented herself at the Temple with her young infant, they forced her to wait in the open air in the midst of a cold and rainy season, until the moment when it was convenient for the jailor to open the gates.— Sometimes she passed whole hours exposed to the inclemency of the

weather, unless when she owed to the pity of the sentinels, the permission of seeking shelter under a shed. This sad epoch did not, however, glide away without affording to the General some enjoyments, which, in part, compensated the sufferings thus inflicted on his heart. Although Moreau was a prisoner, and although they took him before judges, who, it was believed, were devoted to the tyranny which was to crush him ; he received military honours every time he passed before the soldiers charged with guarding the outside of that tribunal ; and he had the pleasure of seeing a crowd of Generals, who

assisted at the debates, put their hands on their sabres, and say to him, every time he was within hearing, "Comrade, fear nothing, we have sworn on our swords to defend thy life." Bonaparte thirsted for the blood of Moreau, but the public opinion disputed against him this illustrious victim; and he confined himself to banishing him. The details which precede this memoir, have sufficiently instructed the reader concerning the last and fatal episode of the life of this great man.

We cannot terminate this notice better than by publishing on the brilliant career which the General had

made in the eyes of Europe, some reflections which have been inspired by a deeply-felt admiration of the talents and virtues of that great man.

“ It was on the approach of those frightful misfortunes, which were directly menacing France, that there appeared, all at once, in the ranks of the Allies, enemies of Bonaparte, and not of the French, a General who had been for eight years exiled from the country which he had served with as much glory as fidelity.

“ A victim of jealousy, which his eminent services had excited in a heart hostile to all the glories which have preceded that to which it aspires,

and of the virtues which it has never possessed ; this great man had even suffered himself to be forgotten as long as he saw some security for France in the triumphs of her actual chief ; but after the horrible catastrophe of Russia, what should this distinguished Patriot, this General do, who, in other times, sacrificed his self-love and his resentments, in order to save a French army ? Was he to content himself with mourning in silence over the misfortunes of his country, and over the deplorable end of so many brave men ? Was he to see tranquillity to fall into shreds, that fair France, the object of his wishes and his regrets ?

And was he to shut himself out for ever from the prospect of one day seeing her again, under the influence of a reparative and tutelary government? No! his inaction, in so menacing a crisis, would have been treason, and he has never shewn himself greater, than when braving the prejudices of weak minds, the calumnies of his persecutor, and the declamations of the French Journalists, he came to offer on the one hand, to the allied powers his co-operation against the tyrant of France, and on the other hand to the French a guarantee that it is not on them but on the ambition of

their chief, that the Sovereigns of Europe are making war.

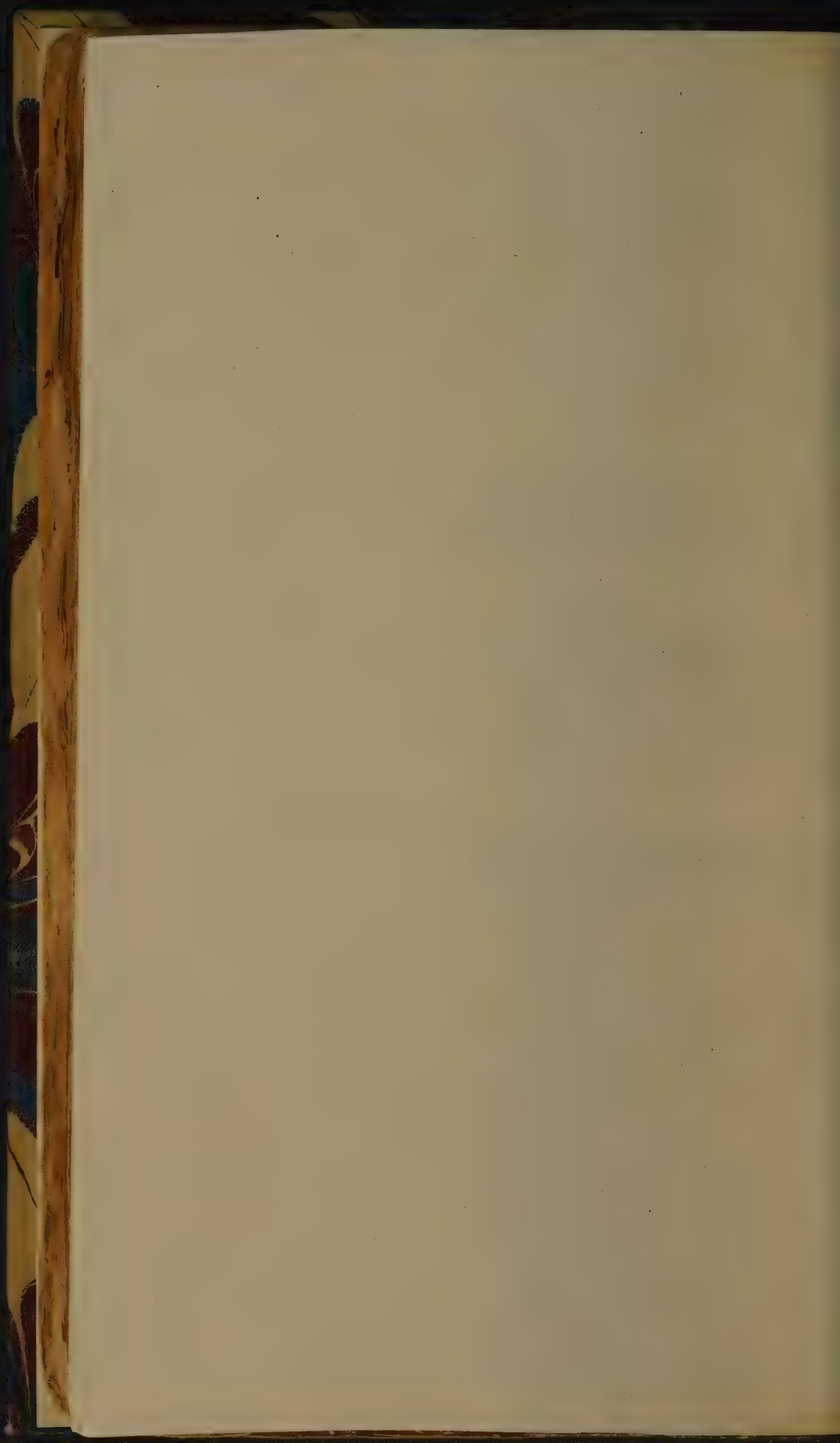
“ The love which the great man had always borne towards his country, that ambition which he had constantly shewn to serve it and not to subjugate it ; his conduct, equally wise and heroic, in the midst of the disgraces he had endured, the one under the Directory, the other under Bonaparte, all served to prove that he was directed by the noblest and purest of motives in the brilliant proceeding which has honoured the end of his life. He sought not rank or riches ; he was not willing to dispute with the despot his authority in

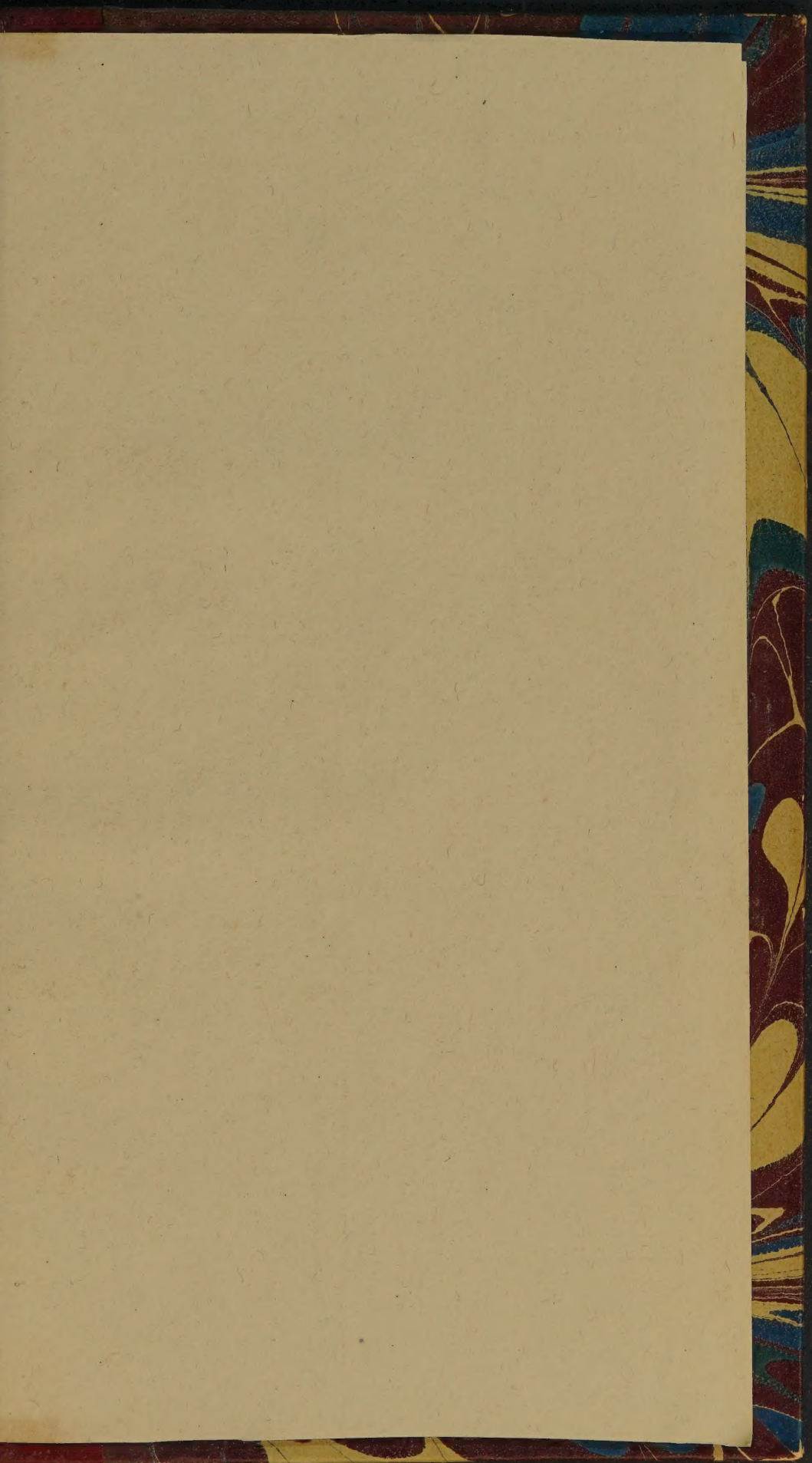
order to become a despot in his turn ; the entire whole of his life proves, that his tastes were simple, his desires moderate ; and his modesty always refused the rank, which opinion assigned him among great men and great captains. He could have placed himself at the head of the Government of his country, but he feared the seductions of power, the immense responsibility of the supreme rank. He consulted his heart ; he felt not in it the courage to be severe : he consulted his strength ; he felt himself not in condition to govern France. Bonaparte had not the same scruples ; and his petulant

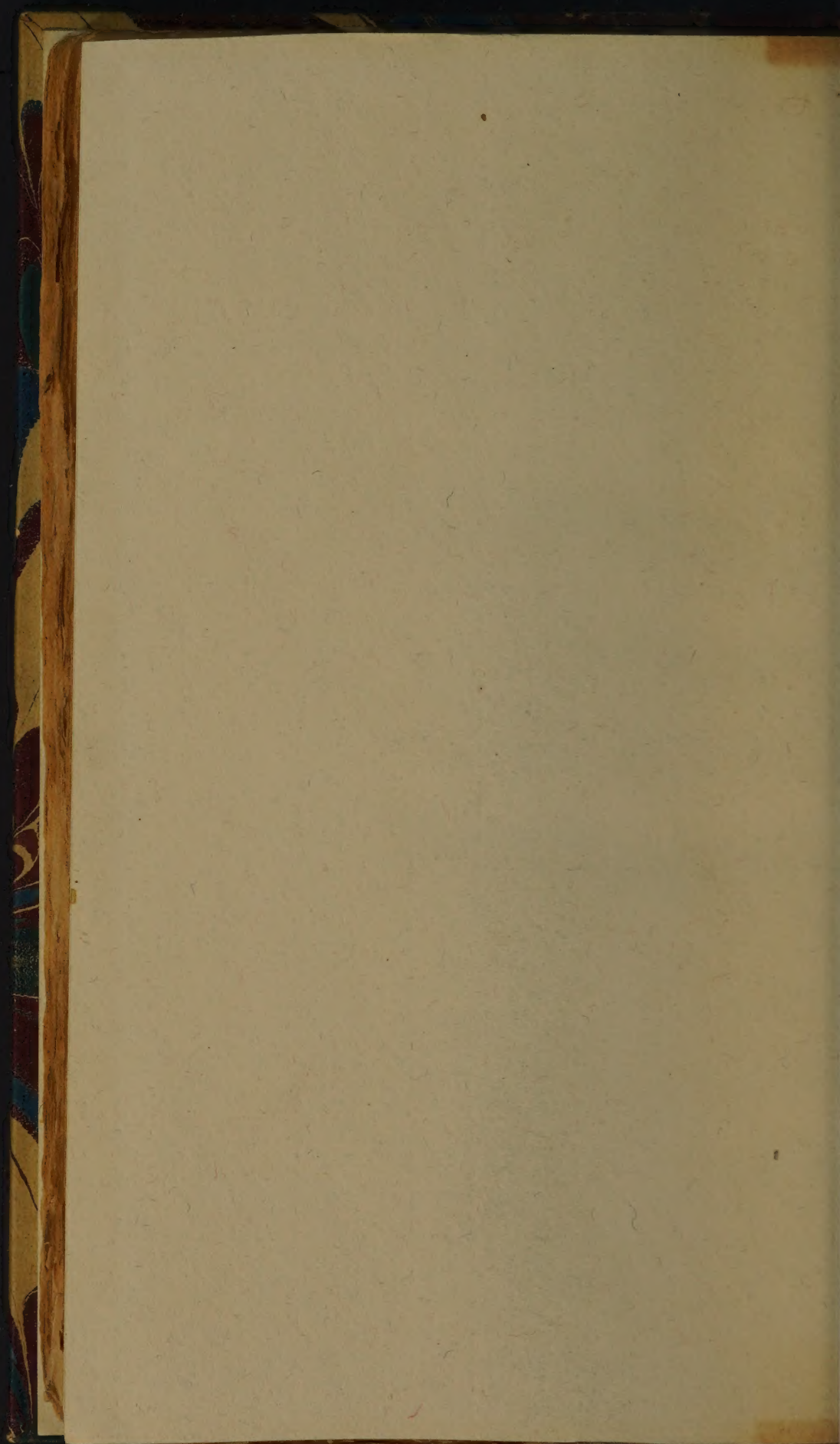
ambition blindly seized on a part, in which it perceived only an unbounded authority to exercise, and immense riches to acquire."

THE END.

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